as the bosom of the earth afforded a receptacle for the germinating seed—so long as the gentle gales of summer continued to waft them from the parent stem, or so long as the welcome sun looked forth from the ever blooming garden of nature.

WINTER—SPRING.

"Hark! 'twas dark Winter's sullen voice
That told the glooms that reign'd;
That bade the plains no more rejoice,
And all the waves be chain'd."

"Forth walks from heav'n the beaming Spring,
Calm as the dew she sheds;
And o'er the Winter's mutt'ring king,
Her veil of roses spreads."